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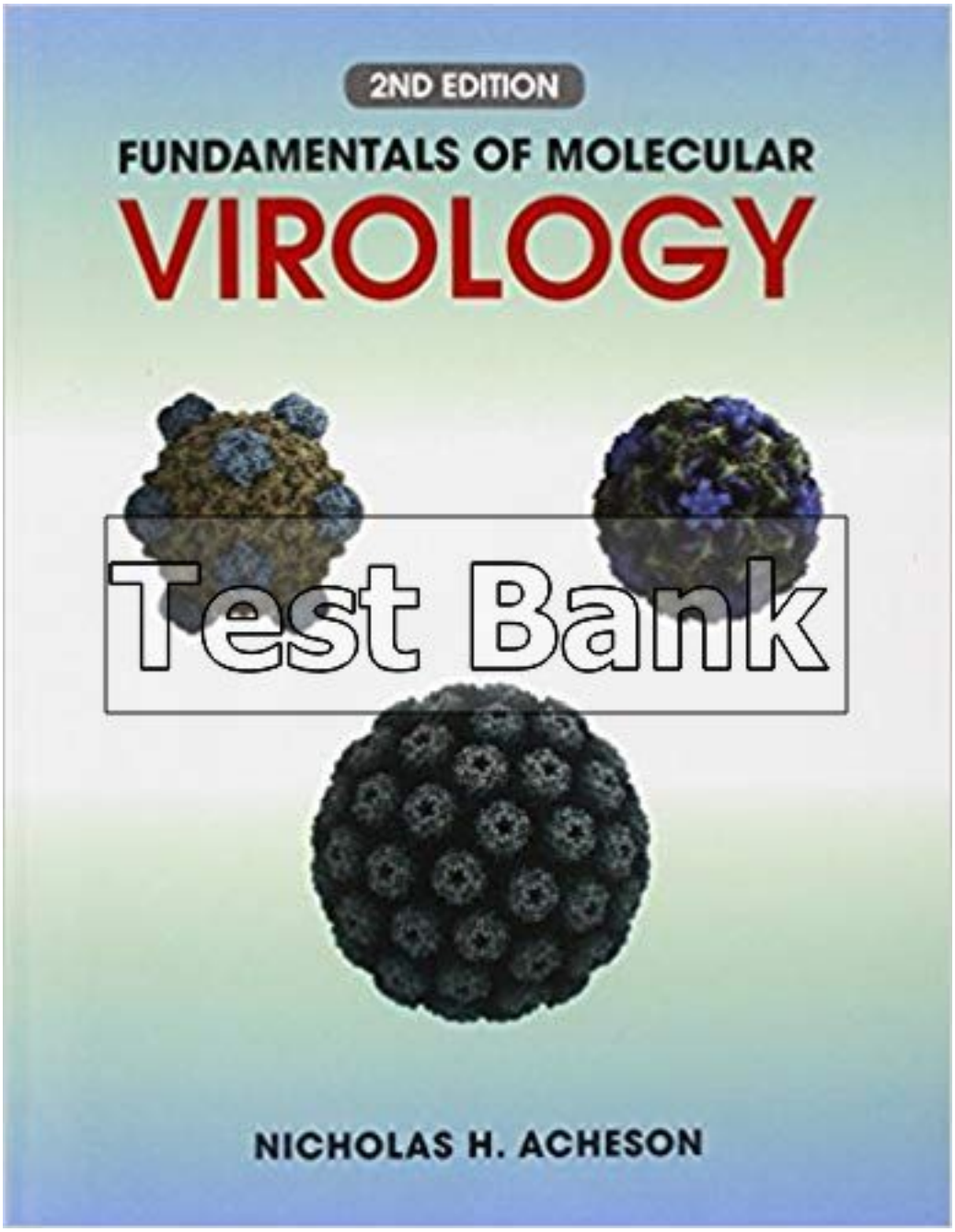

Chapter Number: 01

Question type: Multiple Choice

1) Which of the following terms describes the protein shell that surrounds the viral genome?

a) capsid
b) envelope
c) matrix
d) virion
e) capsomere

Answer: a

2) Which of the following would not be a nucleic acid form found in a viral genome?

a) dsDNA
b) ssDNA
c) dsRNA
d) ssRNA
e) an RNA:DNA hybrid

Answer: e

3) Which of the following is an enzyme that most RNA viruses encode in their genome?

a) DNA-dependent-RNA-polymerase
b) RNA-dependent-RNA-polymerase
c) DNA-dependent-DNA-polymerase
d) DNA-dependent-RNA-polymerase
e) RNA-dependent-protein-synthetase

Answer: b

4) Viruses play a major role in the ecology of the ocean by doing which of the following?

a) By infecting photosynthetic bacteria and increasing their growth.
b) By infecting harmful bacteria found in the ocean and limiting their growth.
c) By killing off fish and preventing them from becoming too plentiful.
d) By lysing unicellular organisms and releasing carbon and oxygen back into the ocean.
e) All of the above statements are correct.

Answer: d

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5) If you wanted to show that an infectious agent is a virus, what experiment could you do?

a) Show that the agent can be seen under a light microscope.
b) Show that agent contains a lipid membrane.
c) Show that the agent can form single colonies on an agar plate.
d) Show that the agent can be diluted and can still cause disease in an animal.
e) Show that the agent can pass through a porcelain filter and is still infectious.

Answer: e

6) What does the word “virus” mean in Latin?

a) infectious agent
b) liquid
c) poison
d) death
e) disease

Answer: c

7) The word “phage” is a shortened version of the name of a virus that can infect which type of organism?

a) bacterial cell
b) human cell
c) eukaryotic cell
d) plant cell
e) inset cell

Answer: a

8) The study of which group of viruses led to the discovery of cellular genes that can promoter cancer in animal cells?

a) papillomaviruses
b) retroviruses
c) adneoviruses
d) polyomaviruses
e) picornaviruses

Answer: b

9) When doing a plaque assay with human or animal cells, a layer of nutrient media mixed with agar is put on top of the cells after they have been infected with the diluted virus. What is the major purpose of this agar layer?

a) It helps to feed the cells as they grow.
b) It promotes the replication of the virus.
c) It makes the infected cells easier to visualize.
d) It limits the movement of virus particles.
e) All of the above are correct.

Answer: d

10) To start an experiment, you do an infection by putting 0.5 ml of a virus stock that has a titer of 6×10^7 pfu/ml onto a plate of animal cells that contains 5×10^6 cells. What is the multiplicity of infection for this experiment?

a) 12
b) 6
c) 5
d) 3
e) 1

Answer: b

11) During a single growth cycle experiment, the titer of extracellular and intracellular virus drops in the first hour. What explains this observation?

a) The virus is inactivated by antibodies in the medium.
b) The virus is inactivated by cellular enzymes.
c) The virus enters the cell and is uncoated.
d) The virus binds to the cells in the dish and can't be released.
e) The cell's antiviral defenses prevent replication of the virus

Answer: c

12) What is another term for an RNA-dependent-DNA-polymerase?

a) DNA polymerase
b) RNA polymerase II
c) RNA replicase
d) RNA transcriptase
e) Reverse transcriptase

Answer: e

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CHAPTER XVIII

PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIE OF BATTENBERG AS QUEEN OF SPAIN

1906

As the Spanish authoress Concepción Gimeno de Flaquer devotes the last chapter of her book, “Mujeres de Regia Estirpe” (Women of Royal Degree), to Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, it seems that I should fall short of the mark were I not to publish some of the Spanish impressions of the present English Queen at the Court of Spain.

VICTORIA EUGÉNIE, QUEEN OF SPAIN

Señora Flaquer says: “The presence of the beautiful Princess at the royal palace is like a shining star on a dark night, a soft balmy breath of wind in a violent storm, a refreshing dew in hot weather, and a ray of hope in depression.”

This description is Spanish in its imagery, and it is interesting to note the more measured language in which Figuerola Ferretti expresses the joy of Spain at the news of the engagement:

“The news is like a fresh spring of hope to us Spaniards, who regard any English girl as a symbol of sincerity and sweetness, and how much more so when that girl is grand-daughter of the great Queen Victoria, whose name is venerated throughout the Peninsula!

“Whilst regarding the entry of Princess Ena into Spanish spheres as the commencement of a new era for the education and progress of our women, who are only waiting for the opportunity to prove their intellectual worth, I must say I might have some fears lest the Princess should be chilled by the restrictions of Spanish Court etiquette, had not King Alfonso already shown himself capable of breaking down the unnecessary barriers which would prevent his future bride continuing the happy outdoor life and the social pleasures which brighten the existence of royal ladies in England.

“‘Manners maketh man,’ it is said, but it is also true that ‘man maketh manners,’ and when our monarch follows the natural and noble impulses of his heart, it is always to the making of a manner which expresses good feeling.

“The young Spaniard has marked with great interest King Alfonso’s foreign mode of courtship, which oversteps the lines of our customs; and as he follows in the footsteps of the royal *fiancé*, he will soon see that invigorating motor-car excursions and walks in a garden with the queen of his heart are more conducive to mutual knowledge of character than perpetually thrumming on a guitar outside the lady’s window, or only being permitted to whisper words of love in a corner of a room where the rest of the family is assembled.

“To judge from ancient records, the arrival of the young Princess Eleanor of England in 1170 as the bride of Alfonso VIII. of Spain led to a reaction against the strictures of etiquette introduced by the Moors to the extreme limitations of the liberty of our ladies; and it was by the natural assumption of a certain freedom of action that the

daughter of young Henry II. passed a happy life of nearly half a century as Queen-Consort in our country. And Princess Ena is not likely to fall short of her English predecessor in her natural love of liberty.

“Readers of Mariana’s ‘History of Spain’ may be struck with the resemblance of the meeting of the young royal lovers on the borders of Spain in 1170 and that of the illustrious couple at Biarritz. The ardent young Alfonso VIII. was charmed with his English Eleanor, even as our Alfonso XIII. admired the Ena of your land; and as Queen Eleanor associated herself with the promotion of learning and letters for men, and supported the foundation of the University of Palencia, our future Queen Ena will doubtless encourage the present movement for the education of girls, which has just culminated in the opening of the Middle-Class College under the committee of ladies of the Ibero-American Society, presided over by Queen Maria Cristina.”

The joy foretold by the Spanish courtier was more than realized at the arrival of the English bride. Her bright, sunny smile and ready acknowledgment of the people’s evident admiration of their future Queen delighted the people.

But the tragedy of the bomb cast in the bouquet, which caused so much disaster, came like a sudden frost, and nipped the spontaneous joy of the young Queen, and the drives and walks in the city of Madrid became a source of fear instead of joy. It is hard to us here in England to realize what the bomb outrage on her marriage-day was to Queen Victoria of Spain.

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND THE QUEEN-MOTHER AT A BULL-FIGHT

Wearers of the Victoria Cross and the D.S.O. have not often gone through such a terrible ordeal. For soldiers on active service are at least prepared for such tragedies, but in the glitter and gaiety of a marriage-day the blow was dealt in the dark.

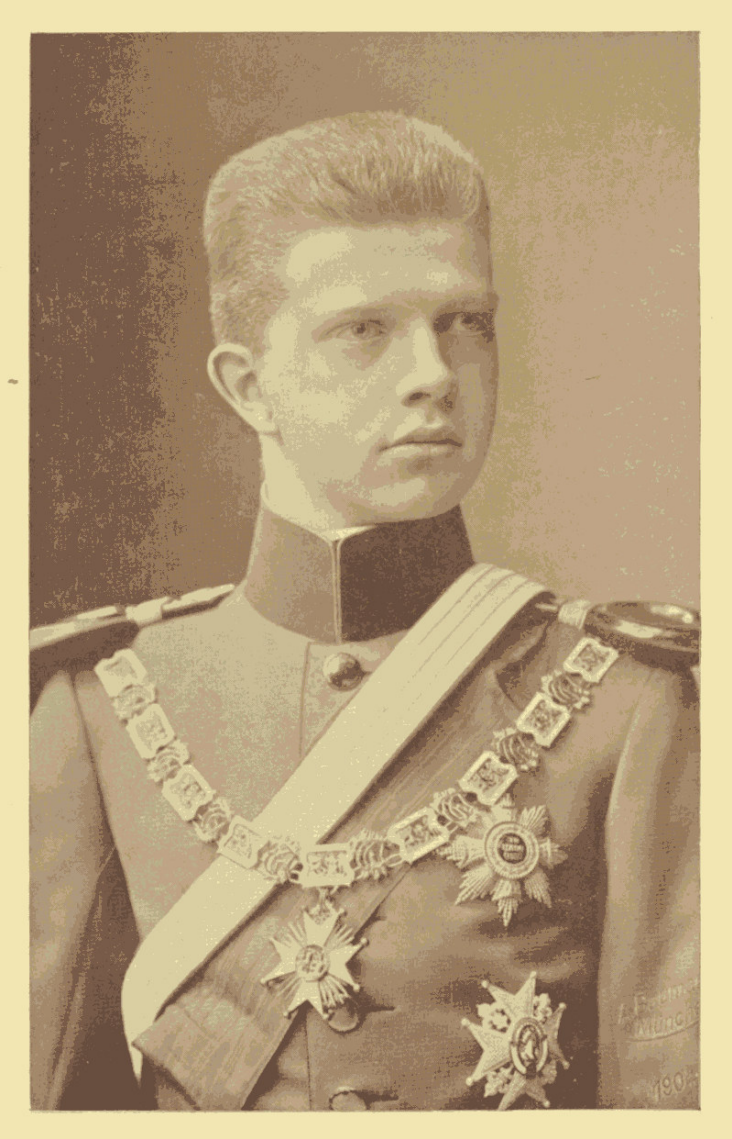
An officer in the Wad Ras Regiment, who was close to the carriage, told me that he can hardly bear to speak of it even now. The gaily-decorated street was suddenly transformed into the fearful scene of a battle-field. The cries of the dying and the sight of the killed sent many people out of their minds. With the calm courage of a soldier’s daughter, Queen Victoria neither swooned nor went into

hysterics; but the shock went deep into her soul, and she naturally fears a repetition of the horror when she is in the city.

The people, therefore, are a little disappointed at their greetings not meeting with the quick response of the first days in her new land; and as Spaniards would do anything for a smile, and love to see happiness, this inborn terror, begotten of the tragedy of her wedding-morn, would form a barrier between the English Queen and her people, were they not reminded of the source of the set expression on her face.

In La Granja this is different. The freedom of the country life gives scope again for our Princess's smiles, and the beautiful gardens and the charm of the palace seem far removed from the tragedy of the city.

"Oh, how we adore her when she is like that!" said the simple-hearted, sympathetic Spaniards, as they saw the eager, guileless way the Queen showed her young cousin, Princess Beatrice of Coburg, her lovely country residence; and after she had passed up the fine staircase of the palace, lined by the halberdiers sounding their drum tattoos of welcome, she appeared at one of the windows to smile on the soldiers as they saluted her in their parade past the palace.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA, BROTHER-IN-LAW OF ALFONSO XIII.

Bouquets are naturally, of course, still looked upon with suspicion at the Spanish Court. When Miss Janotha, the celebrated pianist, wished to leave a beautiful bouquet at the palace as an offering to Princess Henry of Battenberg, when she was in Madrid, the lackey looked at it askance, saying:

“We are not to take bouquets.”

Miss Janotha looked regretful, and I was very glad when a superior official stepped forward and said:

“We do not take bouquets, but as it comes with the English lady we know here, it is all right.”

This confidence I acknowledged gratefully; the Polish pianist was pleased, and the bouquet was taken.

“The Queen is always her bright, merry self on the yacht,” said a distinguished naval officer, when speaking of the shock of the bomb to the young Queen. “She sings, and is as happy as the day is long, for there is no fear of such tragedies on board ship.”

One always connects Spain with sunshine, and Queen Victoria was interested at seeing the after-effects of a snow-storm in Madrid. Their Majesties sallied forth in a motor-car to the park of the Retiro. The Queen expressed her admiration at the clever efforts in statuary made of the snow which had fallen in the morning. The newly-appointed Prime Minister, Maura, was easily distinguished as a snow-man, and many other celebrities were recognized in this exhibition of snow-figures made by the street *gamins*. Great lions in front of the War Office also showed the skill of the officials in turning the snow into form when clearing the pathways, and in the squares and streets there were many presentments, both male and female.

The Infanta Maria Teresa was driving across the Puerta del Sol with her young husband during the inclement weather, when a mule of her carriage slipped on one of the tram-lines, which form a perfect network at this busy centre, and the carriage came to a standstill. The Princess descended from the vehicle, and would have walked home had she not herself slipped on the treacherous footwalk. Fortunately, the etiquette which formerly forbade a commoner to touch royalty even in a time of danger does not now prevail, and a policeman raised the Infanta from the ground, and placed her in a tram, in which the rest of the journey to the palace was made.

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA, AFTERWARDS WIFE OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA

An Audience at the Court of Spain.

It was one morning during this short season of snow in 1907 that a charming Spanish lady, Señora doña Carmen Burgos de Seguí, called to ask if I would join her and two or three other members of the well-known Andalusian Centre in their visit to the palace to invite King Alfonso XIII. and Queen Victoria to a forthcoming fête to be

held by the Centre at a theatre. All the formalities with reference to the audience had been arranged, and I was pleased to accept the invitation to join the commission.

As a fall of snow precluded the possibility of being able to obtain a carriage or cab—for the cobbled stones of the roads make it unsafe for horses in slippery weather—I put on my snow-shoes and fur cloak, and soon arrived with my companions at the royal palace, which flanks the whole side of the great Plaza de Oriente, and towers majestically above the richly-wooded valley of the River Manzanares.

The white-cloaked sentries, in their three-cornered hats, saluted us respectfully as we passed, and the colonnaded, rich-carpeted staircase soon led us to the gallery which lines the quadrangle of the royal palace.

A sympathetic porter helped me to remove my cloak and overshoes, and as I shook out my dress and donned my white gloves he said:

“Her Majesty will be very pleased to see a compatriot, for since last June she has not seen an English lady.”

The ring of the halberds on the floor of the gallery as the historic halberdiers changed guard, and the quick word of command, were the only sounds to break the solemn silence as darkness fell on the courtyard, where snow was falling softly.

A lackey in gold livery now issued from the royal apartments and met us in the gallery. He then conducted us to an imposing doorway leading to the landing of the state double-winged staircase, which is only used on very important occasions. It was in this gallery that the young King and his sister, Maria Teresa, startled Queen Victoria, on her first Shrove Tuesday in Spain, by jumping out at her disguised with masks.

The white marble lions, the blazing lights of the fine chandeliers, the rich carpets, the carved marble rails and handsome walls, looked like a scene in a fairy-tale as we saw it for the first time, and after passing several footmen and officials on the landing we reached an antechamber, where we were asked to wait our turn of audience.

The walls of this salon were hung with rural scenes embroidered on tapestry set in crimson velvet. Large mirrors reached from the floor to the painted ceiling, and reflected the crystal candelabra and the works of art which lined the room, with its crimson-satin-covered furniture on a velvet-pile carpet.

Just before we were summoned to the royal presence, I was told it was contrary to Court etiquette to wear a veil, so I removed it in time to obey the summons of the Court official, who appeared with the papers relating to our visit; and being handed over to the usher, we ran the gauntlet of the eyes of Chamberlain and military men standing about in uniform in every salon, and passed through a large anteroom with green-satin-panelled walls hung with pictures of the royal predecessors of the present King, and thence into a room like a large and splendid ballroom, where a lady was sitting on duty in full Court dress with a companion, and we were finally ushered into the presence of the King and Queen.

The Queen looked fair and regal as she stood in the beautifully decorated French salon in a perfectly-made pale pink dress trimmed with the finest lace, and the King was in the undress uniform of a Captain-General.

The Queen looked somewhat sad as she graciously received us, and she must, indeed, have thought that it was another wearisome occasion of speeches and remarks which would be in an unknown tongue to her. According to the etiquette of the Spanish Court, the King and Queen were both standing to receive us in the beautiful

little boudoir. Indeed, the room seemed only arranged for such audiences.

My introduction to the King as an Englishwoman at once met with a cordial shake of the hand and a pleasant “How do you do?” after the Queen had gracefully greeted us. As Her Majesty looked pleased to see somebody from her native land, I begged to be allowed to address Her Majesty, and, passing behind the King to her side, I soon had the great delight of hearing her speak with pleasure of the Shakespearian Bazaar in London, where I had last seen her as Princess Ena; and when speaking of my friend, Miss Janotha, she said, “Yes, I have known her since I was so high,” holding her hand a little distance from the floor.

In the talk with the Spanish ladies, Alfonso pleased one who has rather advanced opinions by the gusto with which he said, “Yes, there are indeed far too many associations in Spain!” for this remark showed that His Majesty is alive to the evil; and if the clerical party would only allow action to be taken to prevent this overwhelming number of religious associations in Madrid, it would be to the joy of the country.

For these associations ply their trades of printing, chocolate-making, boot-making, needlework, etc., and they undersell the trades of the lay-workers, as they have neither taxes nor rent to pay. This abuse the Government was seeking to remove by bringing in a law for the diminution of such societies, but the *camarillas* of the palace, instigated by the clerical party, checked the progress which Canalejas, the President of the Congress, was making in this direction, by causing the fall of the Ministry. It was falsely reported at the palace that Canalejas is atheistic and antagonistic to the Church, whereas he told me himself that he is very religious. He has a private chapel in his house, where Mass is celebrated every day. But, as the Minister said, this matter of the associations (of which many are from Belgium, France, and other parts of the Continent) militating against

the trade of Spain is a matter of State policy, and has nothing to do with religion.

“And now the King is offended with me, and I have no chance of an explanation with His Majesty,” said the ex-Minister, who a short time before had been patted on the back for his zeal for the welfare of the land.

When I looked at the young Queen, so tall, so elegant, and so alone in a foreign land, I felt how difficult it must be to fulfil her rôle to the satisfaction of all parties.

The report that the expected royal heir’s layette was to be made entirely in Spain excited much commendation; but when I went to see the things at the best shop in Madrid, I could but note that they were not so fine as I had expected.

“No, no,” said the proprietor of the place; “all the best things are made in the convents, and we have only the second and third best. The Queen, I believe, meant to benefit the trade of Madrid, for she was so sweet and gracious when she called here, but the priests gave most of the work to the societies in which they are interested.”

Moreover, the King not only expressed himself frankly about the associations at our audience at Court, but he showed a deep interest in the details of the Andalusian fête to which we had come to invite Their Majesties. It is the King’s keenness in all matters which captivates those about him.

“What dances will there be?” he asked eagerly. “And will there be songs of the Region?” he queried. To all these questions the Spanish ladies answered, flattered at the interest manifested.

During the talk I was privileged to have with Her Majesty in English, I was charmed with her evident affectionate recollection of things in England, whilst graciously interested in the subjects which had brought me to Spain.

She smiled sweetly when I kissed her hand on leaving, as I said I did not know whether I did it as a Spanish subject or as an English compatriot, but in either case it was an honour I could not forego.

Then, the audience over, we were conducted with the same pomp and ceremony as before through the stately salons and guarded galleries till we were once more in the free atmosphere of the Plaza de Oriente, environed by the statues of past Spanish Sovereigns, who looked spectral in the moonlight, and met by editors who wished to make copy out of our audience.

The King said we could see the state apartments of the palace on the following day, but, as the weather was bad, I proved to be the only one who appeared the next morning to profit by the royal permission.

There was much discussion in the Chamberlain's office as to the right course to pursue about my visit. The royal permission, which is rarely granted whilst Their Majesties are in residence, had been given to the party of ladies, and only one had come. Was that one to be given the privilege or no? I was amused at hearing the flow of oratory which the subject aroused among those in the office, but directly I suggested myself deferring the visit to another day, the traditional courtesy of the Spaniards gained the day, and with many bows and protestations of pleasure I was escorted past the sentries on guard by a courtly guide, who did the honours of the salons. If I describe these state apartments in the words of Pierre Loti, it will be seen that I do not exaggerate their magnificence, for the French author writes:

"The place is decorated by Velasquez, Bayeu, Tiepolo, Mengs, Luis Lopez, Rubens, Vicente Lopez, Luis Gonzalez, etc. A whole world of splendour seems to unfold, and as one passes through what seems an interminable line of salons, all marked with the particular

ideas of the artists employed on them, one is struck by a series of surprises.

“The great frames of the doors are all made of agate or rare marbles, whose colours and veined surface harmonize beautifully with the brocades of the walls.

“The Salon of Charles III. is hung with blue satin starred with silver. Other salons are hung with exquisite old satin, with furniture of the time of Louis XV.; others are hung with an inimitable red embroidered with gold of the time of the Renaissance, or with pale green curiously blended with yellow or saffron colour, or deep blue embossed with yellow, with the stiff but elegant furniture of the Empire period.

“Then there is a salon with the whole ceiling and panels of faience, and when the artist died before completing the work, his wife finished it by inaugurating and superintending the exquisite embroidery of garlands of white and pink roses on panels of grey silk.”

There is another salon with the walls covered with cherubs of the white pottery for which the factory of the Retiro was famous—viz., the throne-room, with its ceiling painted by Tiepolo, its crimson-satin-hung walls, its long mirrors, its many crystal chandeliers, its busts of the Roman Emperors on pedestals, and, above all, its magnificent throne with its crimson and gilt chairs. The four steps of the throne are guarded by two large lions of gilt brass, and the royal seats are flanked by figures representing the cardinal virtues; and the banqueting-hall, with its magnificent columns, panels of porphyry and marble, is a perfect picture.

Spanish ladies declare that Victoria of Spain looked every inch a Queen when she first took her seat by her royal Consort. Her diadem-crowned golden hair, beautiful face, and her exquisite toilettes, make a striking feature at the State receptions; and when

we consider that it was in an unknown tongue the talk went on, it was wonderful she could preserve her stately and quiet demeanour. Now the Queen has become mistress of the Spanish tongue, her subjects can admire her intellectual as well as her physical charms.

The Court of Spain at Candlemas.

The protocol of the royal Court etiquette at Madrid and the rites of the Roman Catholic Church produce a pageant in the Spanish palace at the Feast of the Purification (commonly called Candlemas) which, in splendour and solemnity, savour more of the Middle Ages than of the present practical period.

The galleries on the first-floor of the magnificent quadrangular Palace of Madrid showed the advent of a great event, for the windows looking on to the spacious colonnaded courtyard were hidden by the fine tapestries of the same character that lined the walls on the opposite sides. Rich carpets covered the floors, and the companies of stalwart halberdiers, the Guard of the palace, were placed at ten o'clock along the corridor, bearing on their shoulders their halberds with the inscription, "Fabrica de Toledo, Alfonso XIII., 1902," which were presented to them when the present King was added to the list of the Sovereigns to whom the corps had the honour to be the bodyguard. Officials of the palace and officers constantly passed to and fro, giving orders and seeing that the soldiers stood in their right places.

The three-cornered hats edged with white, the high black leggings reaching to the white breeches, and the blue coat decorated with scarlet badges bearing the castle and the crowned lion, is the same uniform of the Royal Guard as it was in the early part of the last century, and it reminds one of the pictures of Napoleon, etc., of that time.

A clap of the hands from a Court official announced the opening of a large door leading to the apartments of the Infanta Maria Teresa and her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria. Bright and happy looked the young Princess as she passed along, with her ready sweet smile for familiar faces, and looking quite pretty in her pale blue dress. The merry eyes of the stalwart, fair young Prince were cast about in cheerful greetings as he swung along in his striking blue and scarlet hussar uniform, with the jacket slung on one shoulder, revealing the richly embroidered sleeves underneath.

There was a pause after the young couple passed to the seats set apart for the Royal Family in the chapel; then the strains of a march from an opera were heard from the band of the Royal Halberdiers in the courtyard below, the halberdiers stood at attention, and the royal procession was seen coming along the gallery.

The gentlemen of the Court, with the badges marking their respective offices, the Chamberlain, all in full dress, with white silk stockings and richly embroidered coats, were followed by the grandees and officers in their striking uniforms. They walked in two single files, so as to leave clear the view of the Royal Family. The Infantas of Bavaria and the Infanta Isabel came with their respective Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting in full Court dress. The widowed Prince of Asturias was in his place, and lastly came the King in his uniform as Admiral, and wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece and the Collar of Carlos III., and the procession solemnly passed through the guarded portals of the chapel, where the Queen-mother and the young Queen Victoria had already taken their places. For after December 25, 1886, when a special service was held in the royal chapel of the palace, in which the Virgin’s protection was petitioned for the young Sovereign, the Court was in gala costume for two days. A reception was held, congratulations received, and from then till the birth of the expected heir Queen Victoria did not sit with the King on the throne in the chapel, but in the royal box on the ground-

floor. All eyes were soon turned in admiration to the youthful English Sovereign of Spain, who looked like a beautiful picture in her white mantilla shading her diamond-crowned beautiful hair, and dressed in a rich, soft white Court dress.

The doors of the chapel were soon again flung open, the halberdiers were again called to attention, and the procession issued from the chapel in the same order in which it had entered, only now it was preceded by the Canons of the palace and other clerics in gorgeous vestments, with the Archbishop of Sion in gold-and-white mitre and emblazoned cope; and everybody in the procession carried a long candle, as they solemnly made the tour of the gallery to the tune of the psalm of old in which Simeon declared that the Babe brought to the Temple would be “a Light to lighten the Gentiles.”

The King, as he bore his candle, looked ruefully at his sister, as much as to say: “How am I to manage this?” The Infanta smiled pleasantly, and her young husband’s eyes twinkled with fun. The evident strain on the dignity of the stately grandees and Chamberlains to carry their lights befittingly gave a touch of humour to the stateliness of the scene, and I overheard a grandee say, when he was asked by one behind him not to walk so slowly: “I can’t go any quicker, or I shall spill some grease on the Infanta’s train!”

The tour of the galleries made, the procession returned to the chapel, the King went back to his throne, and Queen Victoria of Spain to the royal box, the Chamberlains, grandees, Court ladies, the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Infante Ferdinand, Don Carlos, and the Infantas of Spain, all knelt reverently with their candles, whilst the incense was swung in front of the King after he had partaken of the Holy Sacrament.

Then, when the candles were removed by the Chamberlains, the strains from the beautiful stringed orchestra accompanied the fine

voices of the hidden choir, which swelled in harmony in the chants of the occasion. The lofty cupola of the chapel, with its mythical painting supported by the gilt cherubs poised above the marble and porphyry-pillared panels of the walls, were a fitting setting to the scene.

Then the candles were once more handed round, and the glittering company again knelt in prayer. When the torches were finally taken from the worshippers, the assembly all left the chapel in solemn order, each grandee kneeling in turn for a second before the altar, and crossing himself before saluting the Queens in the royal box. The Infanta Maria Teresa, the Infanta Isabel, and the Court ladies, made a low reverence to both the Queens in the royal box before leaving the chapel, and the King, with his characteristic freedom from the fetters of etiquette, disregarded the scarlet mat, and knelt on the carpeted floor for a minute before the altar; and then with his natural grace he made a respectful salute to both his mother and his wife, and left the church, to pass once more with his retinue, and followed by the military, along the tapestry-lined galleries to the royal apartments.

The Court of Spain is especially noted for its cult of symbolism. The events of the Church calendar are presented in a realistic way which is suggestive of the Middle Ages.

I believe the Courts of Spain and Austria are alone in their dramatic representation of Christ's act of washing the feet of the disciples and feeding them on the eve of the Crucifixion.

How the King washes the Feet of the Beggars and feeds them on Maunday Thursday.

It is only by special invitation from the chief Court Chamberlain that one can witness the King's performance of this religious function on Maunday Thursday. Being the fortunate possessor of this permit, I passed at three o'clock in the afternoon to the Hall of Columns in the palace. There the Court soon assembles in state, the ladies in magnificent dresses, of which the trains are tastefully arranged by the Gentlemen-in-Waiting over the backs of the chairs behind them, and the throng of nobles, Ministers, and officers in their gorgeous uniforms, make a brilliant show.

The King soon appears, attended by the Bishop of Alcalá and Sion, some clerics, and twelve grandees in Court attire. After divesting himself of his sword, Alfonso is girded with a towel by the prelate, and passes to the line of beggars, who sit humbly waiting for the honour which is to be paid them.

These poor men are chosen by lottery about a fortnight preceding the function, and their feet naturally undergo a course of preparation prior to the ceremony, and they are all swathed in the long Spanish cloaks given them for the occasion.

The twelve grandees in attendance have meanwhile knelt in front of the twelve beggars and taken off their shoes, and the forms of these stately personages in this humble position make a sort of screen between the eye of the public and the King's action of passing a towel over the feet of the poor men, which have been sprinkled from the gold ewer of the Bishop who precedes the Sovereign.

The King then passes to the long table, of the form and laid in the style familiar to us in pictures of the Last Supper, and the beggars are handed by their respective grandees to their seats at the board. The poor men on the last occasion were blind, but this in no way affected their calm acceptance of the fact of being the cynosure of a Court in splendid state and the object of their Sovereign's service.

Stolid were the faces as the King swiftly passed the items of the long menu before their sightless eyes, and as the smell of the good things was wafted to their nostrils they knew that time would give them a more substantial realization of the dainties.

For the dish of each part of the menu found its way to the baskets for the respective beggars, after being handed by the King to the grandees in attendance. Thus twelve large pieces of salmon, twelve joints of beef, and a dozen dishes of every item, were distributed by the august purveyor.

The menu finished, His Majesty completed the programme by handing also the glasses and cruets to the distinguished retinue, they also finding their way to the poor guests; and finally the King concluded the function by folding up the tablecloth with the zest characteristic of his actions.

The final privilege granted to these beggars on Maunday Thursday is the sight of the state apartments. This benefit seems to be thrown away on those whose affliction deprives them of the appreciation of their splendour, but etiquette must be preserved.

On Good Friday the King exercises his power of pardoning criminals, so he stands in front of the high-altar, and, raising to heaven the gold salver containing the names of the privileged persons, he says: “These I pardon for their crimes, even as I hope God will pardon my sins.”

The carving of the lamb on Easter Sunday is quite a religious function at the King’s table. The Bishop of Sion has a service of benediction, and the King and Queen take their places in state on this occasion.

One of the most striking ceremonies preceding the birth of a royal infant in the palace is that of transporting the arm of St. John the

Baptist, a sash said to have belonged to the Virgin Mary, and other relics, from the chapel to the bedroom of the Queen. The King and the Court all take part in the function, attended with all the ceremony due to the occasion, and so fatiguing is the ritual that in May, 1907, Queen Victoria nearly fainted during the performance. Indeed, so many are the wearisome rites which Queen Victoria had to follow, according to the customs of the Court of Spain, that more than one editor of a democratic paper declared that if he were interested in the royal succession he would see that the authorities did not thus imperil it.

On Saturday afternoon the King and Queen go to hear the *Salve* in a quiet, simple fashion at the Church of the Buen Suceso. Women who press their hungry children to their bosoms as they gaze up into the face of the young Queen as she sits in the royal box on this occasion wonder if Her Majesty knows what their sufferings are. The rise in the price of bread, which the Spanish Press speaks of as an act of unjustifiable oppression, recently drove the women to desperation, and made them break the windows of the bakers' shops in some quarters of the city. This strong measure was successful, and bread is now at its usual price; for, as a Spanish lady said, "The determination of hardly-driven mothers can accomplish more than the discussions of men."

The poor people who greeted the Queen with such loud acclamations on her arrival in Spain wonder, moreover, if she knows that the liberal gifts bestowed on such festivals as the King's Saint's Day (January 23) to the orphans of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Real Asociación de Beneficencía Domiciliaría, etc., are devoted to the maintenance of the friars and nuns of these associations rather than to the benefit of the needy.

The Queen's philanthropic spirit is, moreover, only appealed to on behalf of the orphanages and schools in the hands of the clerics, and so she is not in touch with the lay side of her country's efforts.

“If such serious matters as the lessening of the heavy duties on articles of food which go to the support of the friars, and the limitation of the associations which kill our industries, are not soon settled by the Government, they will be settled in the street!” say many thoughtful men in Spain; and it was those who saw the seriousness of the aspect who expressed their disappointment that the English Queen was so gracious in her reception of the deputation which presented the King with a petition, signed by leading ladies of fashion, against the Law of Associations; for these ladies are naturally unable to realize the struggles of their sisters against the monopoly by these associations of many of the industries on which their bread depends, such as chocolate-making, perfume-distilling, embroidery, lace-making, etc.

A bitter smile wreathes the lips of people as they read of the royal sympathy for these organizations, but they say: “What can one expect, when the young Queen is only environed with Spanish ladies, whose support of the clerics smoothes their lives, and with the Spanish priests, who dictate every deed of sympathy to the Sovereigns of Spain?”

In speaking of Queen Victoria, it must be remembered that all opinions expressed are modified by the reminder of the Queen’s difficulty of knowing the real circumstances of a strange land of which she had to master the language, and that conventional greetings, gala receptions, and State dinners, do not lead to a true knowledge of the country and its needs.

It is hoped by patriots that the Queen’s advent will lead to the adoption of a system of Parliamentary elections in Spain similar to that of England; for, as everybody says, if the deputies of the Congress were elected by the votes of the people instead of by the voice of the Ministers, the country’s conventional love would be cemented into real devotion to the dynasty, and the reforms would be enacted which would save the land from stagnation and poverty.

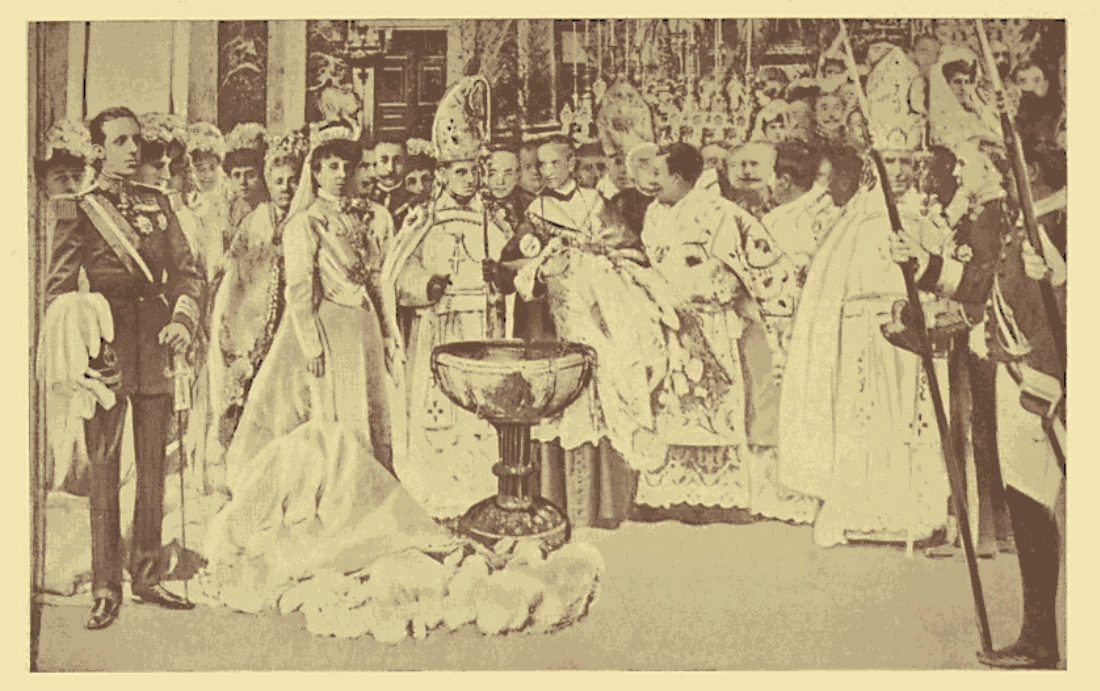
The article published in an English review by a Spaniard, called “Spain’s Hopes of a New Era,” showed that the English Queen was looked upon as the coming saviour of the country from much that has so far crippled it; and the twenty-four short articles and poems published in the *Woman’s Agricultural Times* from the pens of leading literary and professional ladies, begging their future Sovereign to encourage the lighter branches of agriculture as professions for women, show the hoped-for result of the new reign.

Disappointment has been expressed that this spontaneous act from Spanish women of note, many of whom have influence in the Press, has not so far resulted in any royal act of encouragement in the direction desired; so the people do not know whether their Sovereign is in sympathy with their needs or not. Directly Her Majesty is in touch with the more progressive women of her country the Press will be filled with the fact, and the warm hearts of the people will beat with gratitude, and they will be able to talk about more than the beauty of the Queen’s hair and complexion.

The Spanish Court seemed to surpass itself in magnificence in the splendid functions of the christening of the first heir to the throne.

Every seat in the chapel of the royal palace was reserved for those of the highest degree, and the gallery along which the royal procession passed on its way from the royal apartments to the church was crowded by people, who could only gain admittance by tickets from the Chief Chamberlain of the palace.

The magnificent tapestries only used on State occasions were displayed, the halberdiers lined the way, and the ladies, all in mantillas, with their cavaliers in uniform or evening dress, waited in breathless impatience for the advent of the new Prince of Asturias. At last came the announcing hand-clap, and with solemn, stately step the procession came round the angle of the gallery.



CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS, SON OF ALFONSO XIII.

First came the mace-bearers, then the ushers, all in double file, then two long lines of Chamberlains in gold-laced coats and white silk stockings, followed by the grandees of Spain in their striking military uniforms and feathered cocked hats. Then came seven grandees carrying the seven salvers with such requisites for the holy ceremony as a salt-cellar, a gold basin and ewer, a cut lemon, a lace towel, a cape, and a large cake. Behind this party came the royal Prince himself, looking really an ideal infant in his beautiful laces. His fair little uncovered head, and sweet, placid, tiny face, and clenched fists were the admiration of all beholders. He was in the arms of the Marquesa de los Llanos, who is the chief of his retinue, and on one side walked the Nuncio, who is the representative of His Holiness, as godfather, and on the other was the Queen-mother, as the godmother. The King looked dignified in his new position, as father. The Infantes and Infantas followed, with their suites. The Infanta Maria Teresa and her husband, Infante Fernando, being only

convalescent from measles, were unable to be present. Don Carlos, the widowed husband of the King's late sister, the Infanta Mercedes, led little Prince Alfonso, who was known as the heir to the throne until the birth of his little cousin, and by the way he tripped along and evidently enjoyed the brilliant sight he seemed in no way saddened by his deposition from his former rank.

It was then understood that Don Carlos would marry before long the beautiful daughter of the Princess of Orleans.

The little sister of the ex-heir was led by the hand by the Infanta Isabel, at whose side walked Princess Henry of Battenberg, beautifully robed in grey velvet and ermine. Prince Arthur of Connaught, with Captain Wyndham and the Princes from Russia and Germany, etc., all had their places in the procession. China was also represented. The personal staff of the King was conspicuous, and the halberdier band of music marshalled the glittering throng to the chapel.

The altar was decorated with white flowers. The historic font in which the members of the Royal Family have for centuries been baptized was in the centre of the chapel.

Thirty-six Bishops and four Cardinals officiated. The royal neophyte was very good in the arms of his grandmother, Queen Maria Cristina. The water sprinkled on his brow was from the River Jordan. The christening ceremony over, the King decorated his infant son with the Order of the Golden Fleece, the Order of Isabella the Catholic, and the Collar of Charles III. All the ladies of the Court were in full dress.

Then the procession filed back to the royal apartments in the same order in which it had come. The dresses of the ladies of the nobility were all rich in colour and profuse with splendid jewels. The white satin, gold-embroidered train of the Duchess of Arion set off the beauty of her person.

Amid the many stately personages, the majestic figure of Sir Maurice de Bunsen was conspicuous, and Lady de Bunsen attracted attention by her beauty and her beautiful and yet simple Court dress. The ceremony was, indeed, one not easily to be forgotten as the occasion of a gathering of important personages or their representatives from far and near, and no infant could have taken its prominent part on such an important occasion with greater equanimity than did the beautiful babe—the Prince of Asturias. To sleep and to smile seem easy things to do, but to do them during the solemn, stately functions in which Church and State meet together to do him honour is not always an easy thing for an eight-day-old infant, and by accomplishing this task little Prince Alfonso added to the affection and admiration with which he is regarded.

It is always pleasant to Queen Victoria Eugénie to pass from the pageantry and pomp of the palace of Madrid to the less formal surroundings of the country. It is by no mere figure of speech that it can be said that when they are at the Palace of San Ildefonso, at La Granja, King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie lead the simple life.

The King rises early in the morning, and takes a long walk or ride —sometimes alone, sometimes attended by one gentleman, and sometimes accompanied by the Queen—or he has a bicycle spin in the grounds.

Not long since, when the King was driving alone with the Queen in a motor, he saw a soldier thrown from his horse, upon which he immediately jumped from his automobile and rushed to the assistance of the poor man.

The King’s interest in his soldiers is very marked, and when the bell rang at dinner-time, when he was in consultation one morning with the commanding officer, he went with him to inspect the food, and tasted it himself.

The Prime Minister could hardly hide his surprise, when he arrived from Madrid one day to transact political business, to meet his Sovereign in his shirt-sleeves, the young King having taken off his coat, as it was a hot day for golfing.

King Alfonso and Queen Victoria like to go about unattended together, and the Spanish custom of wearing no hat in the country has been quite adopted by the English Sovereign; and people in the little town are pleased to see the Queen pass by on foot to pay a visit to some friends without anything on her head, but, of course, carrying a parasol. Both the Sovereigns spend hours with their baby son in the beautiful gardens of La Granja. The King will often take him in his arms and carry him about, or if they meet the baby Prince in his little white carriage when they are out walking they stop and fondle and talk to him.

The Queen is beginning to share King Alfonso's interest in golf, and, indeed, she takes her part well in the game, and can easily do the full round over the rough ground without any sign of fatigue.

When the weather is too hot for golf, Her Majesty much enjoys a peaceful afternoon by the river, trout-fishing. In this sport she is quite an expert, and the large basket of fish caught by the Queen and the Duquesa de San Carlos was carried home in triumph on one occasion, and figured on the royal menu for dinner.

In the Court, surrounded by courtiers and people, whose rôle is to please, the Queen may hardly gauge the depth of Spain's devotion to their English Sovereign.

When the people of Galicia presented the island of Cortegada to Alfonso XIII., they said it was also a tribute of sympathy to their Queen. "It will be nice for Her Majesty to be within sight of the English ships as they lie at anchor off the coast," they said. "It will be easy to go to England from there, and she will perhaps be reminded

of her Isle of Wight. Then, we hope to see King Edward in the Spanish island home."

The enthusiasm for England is very great since the royal alliance, and for the successful recommendation of any fashion, game, or sport it is only necessary to say it is English.

It is, therefore, hoped that a nearer acquaintance with our Parliamentary system will lead to its adoption in Spain.

As, in face of his overwhelming influence, it is not possible for the people to elect a deputy of either party in opposition to the one chosen or supported by the *cacique* of the district, the deputies elected by public vote have mostly been republicans. Hence the suffrage is associated with republicanism in Spain, and Catalonia, where this has been successful, is connected with the idea of Separatism. Thus, with the misreport of things in Madrid, it is thought that Catalonia is wanting in Monarchists. But whenever the wisdom of the King leads to a royal visit to Barcelona, the enthusiasm for the royal visitor always proves that the Press has misinterpreted the state of feeling there; and the welcome that will be given to Queen Victoria when she makes the long-looked-for visit to Barcelona will show that Catalonia is also content that an English Queen should reign over them.

At Cortegada the peasants to whom I was introduced made the sign of the cross, for they said they had never seen an Englishwoman before; but they had one for their Queen, and she was welcome in the land.

"Viva la Reina Victoria!" was the cry which floated across the moonlit waters as the peasants returned to the mainland after the celebration of their annual festival on the island which had been offered for the acceptance of the King and the Queen, and, indeed, this cry is echoed throughout the land.

INDEX

A

Alagon, Duke of, 79, 81, 84, 85, 121
Alava, General, 72, 73, 101
Alcalá Galiano, historian, 3
Alfonso XII.: birth, 193;
education, 198–202;
made King, 248;
character, 252–4, 280;
travels through Spain, 255;
marriage, 257;
second marriage, 264;
visit to Germany, 268;
return, 269–71;
ill-health, 271, 275;
escapades, 271–2;
government, 273;
death, 276
Alfonso XIII., 294–6, 303;
chapter on, 305–13;
baptism, 305;
instruction, 306–8;
youthful occupations, 308–9;
coronation oath, 309–10;
affection for his mother, 310, 315;
grants audience to authoress, 320;
personal traits, 322–3;
ceremony on Maunday Thursday, 332–4;
daily life, 341–2